



*In Memory*  
of  
**ARTHUR A. FOLSON**  
D.D.







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In memory of Arthur J.  
Folsom, D.D

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In offering you this volume, created in memory of the Reverend Arthur J. Folsom, we desire to acknowledge the fact that the Folsom ministry reflects the untiring service of Mary Louise Folsom, his devoted wife, whom we recognize as a tremendous factor in his life and success.

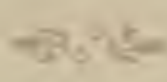
Accordingly, we, the members of the Folsom Club of Plymouth Church, express the hope that this book will be of some comfort to her, in the sense that through this work we seek to perpetuate the thought and memory of the man whom we all learned to love.





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## FOREWORD



Reverend Folsom was a learned exponent of Divine Truth, a clear thinker and a convincing orator; his human kindness and sympathy beamed with a halo of consolation in response to every appeal; he was industrious, sincere, faithful and enthusiastic in all his endeavors; his unselfish leadership was inspiring; he was unpretentious, giving due credit to his co-workers and followers; he was serious and with it had a sense of refined humor that was charming and contagious; and so we loved him not only for what he did, but for what he was—a true man and a friend.

No tribute to Reverend Folsom would be complete which failed to recognize the honor conferred upon him by the Fort Wayne Rotary Club, a business organization, interdenominational in its scope.

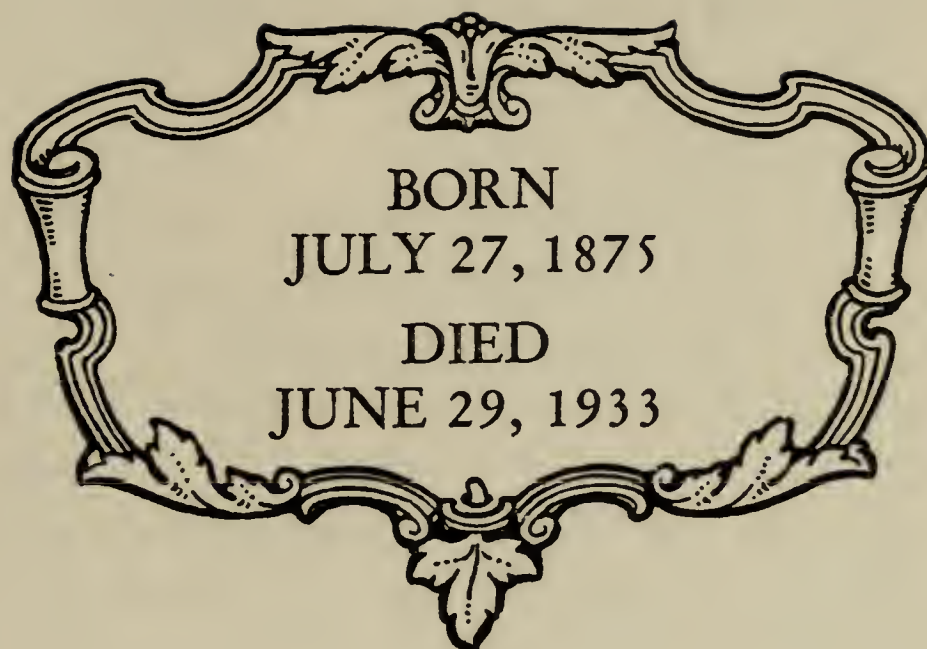
On July 1, 1918, Reverend Folsom was elected to head the Fort Wayne Rotary Club as its President. This was the first time in the annals of Fort Wayne Rotary Club history that a man from the ministry was elected to fill this position of honor in a club of business men.

It will be of considerable interest to his many friends and acquaintances to know that the highest honorary degree which can be conferred in Masonry was awarded Reverend Folsom by his fellow Masons. He was award-

ed the Thirty-third degree on September 16, 1919.

Reverend Folsom came to Plymouth Church in August, 1910, when the enrollment was 340 members. The present membership exceeds 1500. During his twenty-three years of service in Fort Wayne he performed the outstanding record of over 2000 marriage services for young couples, many of whom had no particular church connection. Many people recognized Reverend Folsom as "the pastor of the city at large" and the scope of his tremendous service and popularity serves as ample testimony that this title was well founded.





## **"I Have Loved You"**

**"I am forever haunted by one dread;  
That I may suddenly be swept away,  
Nor have the leave to see you and to say  
Goodbye; then this is what I would have said:  
I have loved summer, and the longest day,  
The leaves of June, the slumberous film of heat,  
The bees, the swallow, and the waving wheat,  
The whistling of the mowers in the hay.  
I have loved words which lift the soul with wings,  
Words that are windows to eternal things.  
I have loved souls that to themselves are true,  
Who cannot stoop, and know not how to fear,  
Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear;  
I have loved these because I have loved you."**

*This poem was quoted by Reverend Folsom in a sermon preached in Plymouth Church shortly before his death, as an expression of his love for Plymouth people. It is reprinted here because it beautifully expresses their love for him, the preacher of "Words which lift the soul with wings; words which are windows to eternal things."*





Those intimate friends of Reverend  
Holsom who share with us the re-  
sponsibility of perpetuating his  
thought and memory through the  
medium of this book should know  
that the profits derived from the  
publication of this volume have  
been used to defray the cost of a  
beautiful bronze memorial plaque  
which has been hung in his honor  
as a permanent memorial.





### REPLICA OF BRONZE PLAQUE

Presented by the Folsom Club of Plymouth Church and formally dedicated in his honor Sunday, June 24, 1934, on the first anniversary of his last service in this church. This beautiful plaque hangs today as a permanent memorial on the west wall of the church to the right of the pulpit.

**The Profits Most  
Who Serves Best.**

*—Rotary*





PLYMOUTH CHURCH

New Plymouth Church . . .  
 Located at 501 West Berry  
 Street . . . Cornerstone laid  
 August 26, 1923 . . . Dedic-  
 ation date October 5, 1924  
 . . . Old Plymouth Church  
 located at corner of Jefferson  
 and Harrison Streets on site  
 of present Indiana Hotel . . .  
 Last service held Sunday,  
 September 28, 1924 . . .  
 Dedication date, year of 1892.



OLD PLYMOUTH CHURCH

**“Seek for Divine  
Guidance in Prayer,  
Work Diligently.”**

*Proverb.*



REMARKS OF ROBERT CASHMAN, OF THE  
CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, AT THE  
FUNERAL SERVICE OF DOCTOR ARTHUR J.  
FOLSOM, JULY 2, 1933, PLYMOUTH CHURCH,  
IN THE CITY OF FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

*"I bare you on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself."*

*"Souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. There shall no evil happen to them. They are in peace."*

*"His soul is escaped even as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. The snare is broken, and he is delivered."*

*"He shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old. Age shall not weary him, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun, and in the morning, we will remember him."*

\* \* \* \* \*



EVEREND FOLSOM was born July 27, 1875, in Ontario. His life was simple, sincere, noble, and filled with worthy achievements. We have assembled here today, not to attend his funeral, but to celebrate his coronation. In his earlier years he took time for academic preparation and entered into his various fields of Christian service, with a trained mind, a pure heart, and a determined spirit. He was a successful teacher, minister, and statesman for the larger work of the Kingdom of God.

I first met him six years ago at the Indiana State Conference of Congregational Churches in Gary.

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Coming quietly into the meeting, and holding no public office, he soon revealed his understanding of men, and demonstrated his wisdom and power to solve the problems of the Church.

Not long afterward, on June 5, 1928, at the 24th Triennial Convention, through the recommendation of the late President Ozora S. Davis, he was elected to membership on the Board of Directors of the Chicago Theological Seminary, a group of twenty-four of the strongest Congregational ministers and laymen of the Middle West.

I think he treasured this fellowship, for he was rarely absent from a meeting of the Board, and his enthusiasm for the work, and his carefully-weighed counsel given at the meetings, showed clearly that he took this task in earnest and wanted his efforts to count mightily in the training of ministers for the Christian Church.

A telegram which reads as follows has been handed to me in this pulpit, received from President Palmer of the Seminary, who is this morning occupying a pulpit in San Francisco. "I deeply regret to learn of the death of Doctor Folsom. He was a true friend of the Chicago Theological Seminary and a trusted leader of midwestern Congregationalism; sane, balanced, kindly, gracious, constructive in faith, and loyal in friendship. My deepest sympathy to his bereaved family and church."

Those of us who were close to him seemed to forget that his name was "Doctor Folsom." He was better



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known to us as "Arthur." He had a way of putting his arm around us, or of tenderly placing his hand on our shoulders, and with just the right question, or a word of friendly counsel, he seemed to draw us into the presence of the Heavenly Father.

I was impressed by his love of Nature. He liked to be out on the farm. He seemed to know where the biggest strawberries grew, and his child-like delight in the beauty of the flowers, the song of the birds, and the waters of the river, were an inspiration to us all. One of my most treasured possessions in Chicago at this time is three ears of golden corn, their white husks tied neatly together by his own loving hands. I can almost hear his words again now, as he handed them to me, "Take these home, Robert. We grew them down on our farm."

His sense of humor was refreshing. No matter how puzzling a situation might be, it almost always disappeared under the sunshine of his smile.

I never knew him to refuse a service or a favor that was requested. Others might be busy; he had plenty of time. He answered letters promptly and carefully. He came whenever and wherever he was needed. There seemed no limit to his patience or his strength.

Since his call on August 31, 1910, to Plymouth Church, his achievements have been well-known to us all. He loved this Church—more than he loved his life. I have tried for several years to get him to take longer vacations, but he said he couldn't be away. Men and

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women were facing unusual problems these days, and they might need him.

On several occasions I placed before him the opportunities of other pastorates, but they never tempted him. He said that his work here was not yet finished. The work of such outstanding leaders is never finished anywhere. He built himself into the hearts and souls of men, and this, in itself, is one of the aspects of *eternal life*.

As it is said, "The whole earth is the tomb of heroic men, and their story is not graven only in stone over their clay—but abides everywhere, without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives." (Thucydides).

There was scarcely a religious organization in the city, state, or nation, in which he was not vitally interested. There was room in his great soul for all men, regardless of creed, color, race, or nationality. I shall never forget the Sunday a year ago, when he so graciously opened this pulpit to our Seminary's League of Nations from foreign lands. He was a believer in missions.

No matter what our religious or other problems might be, if he had not experienced them in his own life, he drew ever larger circles and took us into his big, loving heart. He was not only a beloved pastor, but a most valuable and useful citizen. Just as he was a pioneer here upon earth in his constant quest for truth, so I believe



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somehow that he has gone ahead of us now, to prepare the way for us to follow to the Home Above:

“There’s a Land that is fairer than day  
And by Faith we can see it afar,  
For the Father waits over the way  
To prepare us a dwelling place there.”

Jesus said:

“In My Father’s House are many mansions;  
If it were not so, I would have told you.  
I go to prepare a place for you,  
And if I go and prepare a place for you,  
I will come again and receive you unto Myself,  
That where I am, there ye may be also.”

Slightly paraphrasing a message of the late Doctor William E. Barton:

“Now there will come a day when I also shall ascend the stair that slopeth upward from this mortal world to that which is above.

“And I know that he will be listening for my coming.

“Yea, and he will not altogether wait for me inside the gate; for I shall hear his footstep coming a little way down to meet me, and we shall go in together.”

Oh Arthur, child of God, and friend of man, wait for us over there, until together, we can kneel before the Heavenly Throne!

*In recognition of Reverend Folsom's useful public service to Fort Wayne, the Optimist Club awarded him its annual Civic Service Award Trophy for the year 1927. This award is in the form of a small bronze plaque which is conferred upon the man whom they recognize each year as the Most Useful Citizen of Fort Wayne.*



# BIOGRAPHY OF ARTHUR J. FOLSOM

*Written by the Late Bert Griswold*

Taken from his Biographies of Prominent Men of Fort Wayne



AUGUST 31, 1910, was a dark, gloomy, drizzly day, and yet there are those who will disclose that it was one of the brightest and cheeriest days in all the history of Fort Wayne, for it was in the midst of that midsummer downpour that Arthur J. Folsom came to Fort Wayne to stay.

At the old "Lake Shore" station that dismal, sloppy afternoon, as the newcomer doffed his derby hat while presenting Mrs. Folsom and the children to the reception committee from Plymouth Church, we detected in an instant that the barrenness of the exterior of his cranium gave no sign whatsoever of the contrasting condition of the interior. The new minister made a hit with the reception committee, just as he continued to do with everybody else down through the busy years of his life.

No minister of the Gospel in all Indiana was more widely known or more universally loved by business men, high school and college graduates, workingmen and all the other classes of thinking folks than Arthur Folsom. Called by many midwestern cities to speak on every manner of subject, his name became inseparably linked with that of Fort Wayne as a center of culture and civic progress.

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From a group of 340 persons when he came to Fort Wayne the membership of Plymouth Church expanded to 1500 with a magnificent church property built during his pastorate, valued at half a million dollars. The leaders of this denomination consider this record as little short of marvelous. In 1925 Reverend Folsom represented the state of Indiana at the National Council of his denomination in Washington. He has served as the moderator of the Fort Wayne district and of the state of Indiana. His reputation as a thinker, a true religious leader, and a pulpit orator of power and eloquence, as well as a personal friend of all, whether in sorrow or joy, was widespread.

Reverend Folsom loved Fort Wayne from the beginning. Although a native of Canada, his devotion to the welfare of his adopted land stands today as an example to all who were born on alien soil and who have come to the United States to make their permanent abode. As the organizer of the Fort Wayne Red Cross; as a member of the board of directors of the Chamber of Commerce, chairman of its membership committee, and captain of a team in the 1926 building campaign; as president of the Fort Wayne Rotary Club; as a team captain of the Y. M. C. A. building campaign; as fund campaign manager of the Methodist Hospital; as a director of the Fort Wayne Anti-Tuberculosis League and the Pixley Relief Home, and in countless other constructive civic causes, he was ever an inspiring example



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of community service to all the native born citizens.

Reverend Folsom's eleven years as Master of the Rose Croix degree of Scottish Rite Masonry and his service as a Knight Templar brought him recognition in the conferring of the honorary Thirty-third Degree; he was also a Shriner and a member of the Knights of Pythias.

During the World War Reverend Folsom gave without reserve of time or energy to every demand, whether as a leader or in the most humble office. As a member of the Fort Wayne Council of Defense, which later directed the work of all other departments of local war effort, and as a leader in the Liberty Loan, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., the United War Work and other campaigns, notably War Savings Stamp campaign, of which he was city chairman, his consistent work lent the element of success to every undertaking. He toured the state as a speaker in the interest of the Red Cross.

At the age of eighteen, Arthur Folsom left the old home in Haldimand County, Ontario, where he was born July 27, 1875, and attended high school at Dunnville, Ontario, and Albert College, Belleville, Ontario. Coming to the United States, he was graduated from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, in 1898. He spent four years in graduate work at Northwestern University and the University of Chicago. He received his Master's Degree from Northwestern in 1900, and his Doctor of Divinity Degree from Marietta College, Ohio, in 1925. For one year he was a member of the

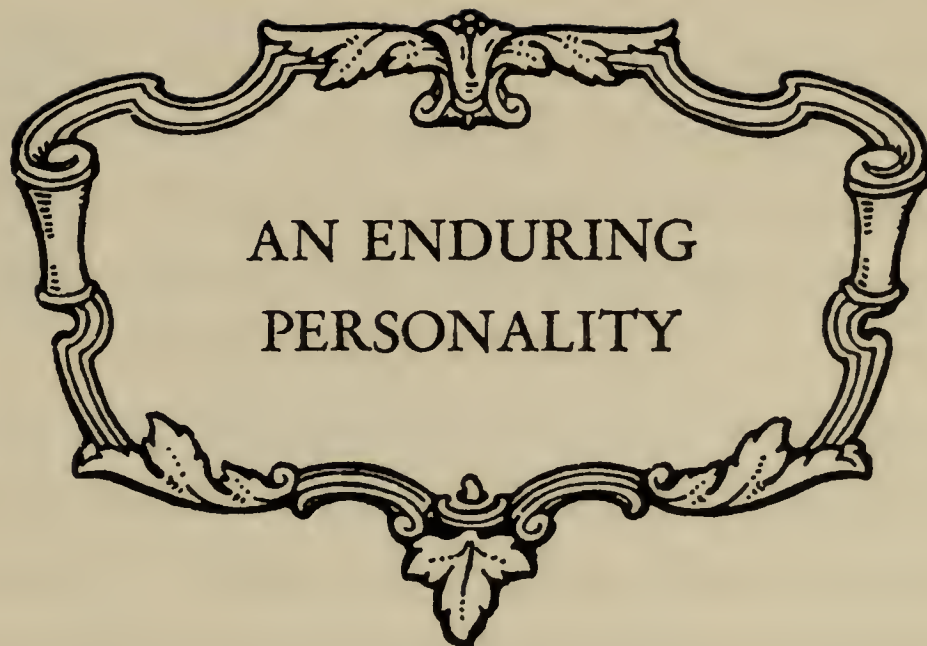
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faculty of Howe School, Howe, Indiana, and then after serving his first pastorate at Alma, Nebraska, he was called to Plymouth Church at Omaha, Nebraska, where he remained for a period of three years. He then served as the director of religious education in the Y. M. C. A. at Grand Rapids, Michigan. For three years he served his denomination as Superintendent of Congregational Churches in the Pacific Coast Region and was thus engaged when he received the call to the pulpit of the Fort Wayne church.

In 1903 at Marietta, Ohio, occurred the marriage of Arthur J. Folsom and Mary Louise Chamberlin. To Reverend and Mrs. Folsom three children were born—Joseph Chamberlin, born in Omaha, Nebraska, February 13, 1904; Mary Juliette, born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, March 26, 1907; and Charles Greenleaf, born in Forrest Grove, Oregon, August 31, 1909.

Reverend Arthur J. Folsom died June 29, 1933, from an acute attack of angina pectoris brought on through over-exertion and heat while working in the garden of his farm near Fort Wayne, Indiana.





AN ENDURING  
PERSONALITY





## ENDURING PERSONALITY

*A Sermon by the Reverend Arthur J. Folsom*



IS THERE a question of deeper concern to mankind than this that pertains to the continuity of life? For this reason, let us center our thoughts upon the subject, "*Enduring Personality.*"

Can it be that this sphere is man's only abiding place? Does it seem rational that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on its waves and then sink into nothingness? Is it reasonable to believe that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Some one asks, "Why is it that all the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory?" And again we ask, "Why is it that lovely creatures of human beauty go away from us never to return, leaving a thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?"

In the beautiful drama of *Ion*, the hope of immortality finds deep response in every soul. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to Fate, his fair Clemantha asks if they should meet again. He answers, "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that

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look eternal,—of the streams that flow forever,—of the stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirit has walked in glory. All were dumb. But, as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemantha.”

In our moments of serious and profound introspection, we enjoy a consciousness that there is a mighty something in us that we are ever approaching. We are fully aware of our limitations, physical, mental, and moral, but in that same moment we know that there are within us untold possibilities of life, but see no assuring signs of its ultimate fulfillment here. We enter the world with a moral obligation imposed upon us, viz: to develop the real that we are into the ideal that we ought to be. Nature seems to have intended that we should strive for the realization of that noble ideal of which we are conscious, though here it is only approximated. The ideal of life may be unattainable, yet, the loyal, faithful, untiring pursuit of that unattainable ideal is our highest possible attainment in human experience. “To them gave He power to become the sons of God.”

Perfection is not a final, static, and completed product of spiritual life; rather it is an enduring process. Our ideal moves onward ever before us and most passionately do we pursue it. Our task in life is one in which everlasting progress may be made, not one that can be once and for all fulfilled. And if, on the one



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hand, it depresses us to feel that no achievement is ever final, and that each experience is only a vantage ground from which we step to some higher manifestation of power, at each new level broadening the perspective and deepening the content of life; on the other hand, it is inspiring to know that no static condition, called heaven, however finished and grand, could ever permanently satisfy us. As a temporary resting place for tired souls we might welcome it, but once rested and refreshed, we would wish to resume the upward way. Our divine nature insists that we must be climbing, we must get tired, and we must find rest. But what is that *rest* of which our Master speaks? It is not a mere folding of our arms forever; it is new strength, new energy, new power to go forward and do.

In our ascent toward the heights, the loyal, faithful soul, the soul that has been steadfastly true in pursuit of the Divine Ideal, is entitled to continue this pursuit when death has cut short this series of earthly endeavors. Even in our finiteness, we hold a sense of justice in this important matter. If this is a moral universe, and if at its very heart the principle of justice prevails, then we have a right to continue our pursuits. Immortality becomes an ethical necessity.

There can be but one reasonable, satisfying view of our mortal pilgrimage. It is that of a process of growth upward and onward, endlessly toward the higher achievements of an unfolding spirit. Certainly death

does not terminate this journey of ours, and thus provision will be made for a perpetuation of what is essentially spiritual in us. Immortality seems to be the only possible explanation to the great mystery of our life. "Enduring Personality" is our most natural heritage.

On a very clear day on the Atlantic Ocean a passenger asked a seaman, "How far is it to the point where sky meets sea,—the horizon?" The seaman answered, "On a clear day it is about seven miles." At sea one lives in a small circle, but little greater than one of our Indiana lakes. And yet, one is conscious that beyond the horizon is a vast sea, north, south, east, and west. What a vastness stretches out in the beyond! One is conscious of it, though he cannot see it.

How true this is of our spiritual being. We live in the small circle of perhaps a third dimension, but never apart from the consciousness of a vastness of being just beyond the veil. There are a few great souls that seem to have exceeded the third dimension,—a Shakespeare, the myriad-minded man, an Einstein who seems to gather up a universe in his comprehension. But only a few such minds have visited this earth. With a far greater reach of intelligence Jesus of Nazareth penetrated Infinity.

And it was Jesus who uttered a most comprehensive word in His universal prayer,—*Our Father*. He said very little about the future life, and gave us no idea of its locality. He did not tell us about its condition of living, nor how a soul would appear. But He did speak



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with positive assurance regarding immortality. It is found in those two words,—Our Father. As God is our Father, and as we are created after the essence of His Being, and as He is from everlasting to everlasting, there is but one conclusion. Thus while Jesus gave us very little information about the nature of things in the future life, He did give us final assurance in the absolute fact that we are children of God, thus heirs and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ. Can there be any more positive proof of life eternal, of enduring personality than this?

It is evident that the most natural human pursuit is toward God, in whom we live and move and have our being. In mathematics, we are forever reaching for infinity. We exclaim,—Let (X) be the unknown quantity. Out toward the infinity of time and of space the astronomer moves as his mind expands and unfolds and permits him to go farther into the vastness of creation. Likewise the lovely-minded poet sits down by the brook and listens to the singing waters and allows his imagination to reach out into the infinitudes. How could all of this be possible if man were merely a creature of the dust like unto the house of clay in which he lives? The sacred writer has well expressed the greatness of a spiritually minded man,—“Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” We are in pursuit of an Ideal, in pursuit of Infinity, because of our inherent nature. As a bee knows the way to

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the flowering clover field far away, so man knows the way toward God and Infinity.

“I know not where His islands  
Lift their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.”

One evening after the quiet had come over the hills and valleys, Grace Conkling wrote her little poem, entitled “After Sunset.” It expresses this same natural universal yearning of the human soul for enduring life.

“I have an understanding with the hills  
At evening, when the slanted radiance fills  
Their hollows, and the great winds let them be  
And they are quiet and look down at me.  
When the blue hills grow tender, when they pull  
The twilight close, with gesture beautiful  
And shadows are their garments, and the air  
Deepens, and the wild veery is at prayer,  
Their arms are strong around me, and I know  
That somehow I shall follow when they go  
To the still land beyond the evening star  
Where everlasting hills and valleys are,  
And silence may not hurt us any more,  
And terror shall be past, and grief and war.”

Let us give heed while three men speak to us about this matter of “Enduring Personality.” The first one



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to speak is Professor Arthur H. Compton, of the University of Chicago. He says,—

“The seeker after religious truth asks earnestly whether science has an answer to its vital problems. Who and what is God? Is man morally responsible for his actions? Is there a human soul? What of life after death? Is there such a thing as Immortality?”

Professor Compton says, “To this last question regarding immortality, science does not supply a definite answer. A positive faith in a future life is based upon religious, moral, or philosophical grounds as a logical conclusion. It is obvious to one who views the course of life about him, that life is invariably followed by death. But what is it that dies? Each organism dies; but the race or species lives on. Sir James Jeans assigns a million million years as a reasonable life-expectancy of the human race on earth. This may not be eternity, but most of us are not interested in a longer period of time.”

The Professor then follows this line of reasoning by saying, “The biological centre of life is the germ cell, and this with its divisions and sub-divisions grows and lives forever. An apple may decay, but the seed grows into a new tree, and begets new seeds. The tree and the fruit are merely the outer wrappings, the garments that perish with time and use, the hull which surrounds the living germ, which is essentially continuous and eternal.”

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But you ask, "What will happen to me?" You are not thinking of the hull, this mortal house of clay in which you live; you are thinking of your consciousness. And here Professor Compton injects a real and vital question, "And if we are to tell what is the fate of consciousness when the body dies, we must determine the relations between body, mind, and soul. Now if one believes that thought is a function of the brain, and if every idea is the consequence of some action occurring in the brain, then when the brain dies, consciousness must die. In such a case man would be no more than a mechanism, an automaton. He would be absolutely deprived of choice, freedom, and decision, and personal deliberation. But freedom of choice must be considered as a fact of human experience. And if freedom of choice is admitted, it follows by the same line of reasoning that one's thoughts are not merely the results of molecular reactions obeying fixed physical laws. If freedom of choice is *not* admitted, man is morally irresponsible, and must act in obedience to physical conditions, laws, and forces. Under such circumstances, both virtue and wrong vanish."

The scientist continues his argument, "If there is freedom of choice, there must be thinking possible quite independently of any corresponding physical process. And therefore, it is not at all impossible that consciousness may persist after the brain is destroyed. The old sage said, "After this body is destroyed, then



without my flesh shall I see God." Of course, there is some correlation between the brain's activities and mental processes. That is evident. If that were all, however, the destruction of the brain would result in the cessation of the mind, the soul."

"The Psychology of Professor William James was based upon the principle that the function of the brain is to transmit the thoughts of the non-physical thinker to the body of the organism. Thus the brain becomes as the copper wire that conveys the electric current. But if you cut the copper wire that conveys light to your home, it doesn't mean that you have destroyed the generating dynamo. The famous Professor Bergson also declares that there is infinitely more in human consciousness than in the corresponding brain, and that the mind overflows the brain on all sides."

Thus Professor Compton concludes, "Consciousness must die with the body if we adopt the mechanistic viewpoint that all thoughts have their rise in the brain. And furthermore, if we adopt this view of life, we lose all freedom of thought and of action, and must blindly obey the forces of the physical world, in which we exist. *The evidence is against it*, he declares. The belief of Professor James seems to be more nearly correct. It takes a whole lifetime to build and perfect the character of a noble man. Having been thus perfected, what will God or nature do with him? Annihilate him? Destroy her best work? What infinite waste. It is incredible."

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Now let us listen to a second speaker, Professor Charles L. Newcomb. He has given a wonderful statement in answer to the question regarding life after death. His work is entitled "The Shadow Watchers."

He says, "Fear of death has always invaded the human mind. Is it because we have failed to view it in the proper way? Do we still cling to savage conceptions of it? Through many centuries, we have become more orderly in our thinking. The dominant idea of the medieval world was *magic*. And this belief in magical causes still colors men's thinking to some extent.

Life is a continuous process. We have already noted this in what Professor Compton said about the hull, the body, the tree, the apple, and the eternal germ. But that is not the question. The question is, "*Shall I hold my personal consciousness after death?*"

Eugene O'Neil has written a play entitled "Lazarus Laughed." It is a story of Lazarus just after he was raised from the dead. The scene is in the home in Bethany. His father and mother, Mary and Martha, and some of the neighbors are there present. One of them enquired of Lazarus, "What is it like to be dead?" He replies, "There is no death. There is only life on both sides. Death is the fear one has when he passes over." Death is only a change in the environment in which the life-process is carried on."

Professor Newcomb states the mechanistic philosophy clearly. He continues, "There are two outstanding



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philosophies of life. One is mechanistic in which man is considered as a mere machine, and life the product of the accidental meeting of certain physical forces acting upon the brain. *The other* is the spiritual concept which asserts that man is far more than his body, or even his mind, and that both body and mind are vehicles which a higher self uses for its purposes during this one day in the class room of eternity. Life is imperishable, the human body a temporary dwelling-place, and death brings about a change of residence and address."

And now we approach a very wonderful line of thought. Mr. Newcomb affirms, "Through life and death we move onward and upward in a purposive universe. The chains that bind us are our physical senses." Sir William Crooks, former President of the British Scientific Association, injects an important matter just here. He declares that all the phenomena of the Universe are continuous waves. So we talk in terms of electric waves, wireless waves, Hertzian waves, red rays, ultra-violet rays, X-rays, etc. While our physical senses are the chains that bind us, they have a very important place in our lives. By their use, humanity has made great progress. And the significant thing is that as this progress continues, growth goes on and on. Sir Isaac Newton said that he felt like a little child picking up pebbles here and there upon the shore, while the great ocean of truth lay unexplored before him."

"Turn again to this matter of *light*. Light of low

velocity is red. Increase the wave length and one finally arrives at the ultra-violet ray of very high velocity. And it is possible to throw a *violet beam of light into the very heart of the red beam without any conflict whatever*. Both the red and violet rays exist in the same space without interference."

"Take this thought also into the realm of *matter*. All this physical environment in which we live is composed of atoms. Let this physical world as we know it correspond to the red rays. It is now known to science that within this world of red atoms exists another world of high-vibration atoms. Professor Edington tells us that "the atom is as porous as the solar system. If we eliminated all the unfilled space of a person's body, and collected his protons and electrons into one mass, the man would be reduced to a speck just visible with a magnifying glass."

Newcomb suggests a possibility "that it is very reasonable to conclude that in this very room which we now occupy, there exists, not only one, but many interpenetrating worlds, in which beings may dwell. And it is likewise reasonable to conclude that in this mortal body which is composed of electrons, a spiritual being lives and moves about, thinks, loves, hopes, and presses forward." Thus Mr. Newcomb says, "I believe that death is nothing more nor less than a permanent change from an environment of one velocity to that of a higher. It is a change out of a sluggish vibration to that of



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a finer, a more perfect type of life. So the advancing self goes onward and upward through the years until it finally reaches the ultra-violet velocities of the Holy of Holies. Life presents to us day by day, lessons that are to be learned here in a world of a lower velocity of being. Tomorrow when we have passed on there will be new lessons to learn in a higher velocity of being."

"Where are our loved ones that have gone on? We don't know. But in keeping with all of the rest of God's creations, it is possible and perhaps probable that they are not far away, only living in a higher velocity of being. The separation that makes us grieve and cry, is that we have lost, not our loved ones, *but the power to see them.*"

Another man to whom we may listen regarding this matter of *Enduring Personality* is President George W. Coleman, of the Babson Institute. He is a business man and very closely associated with Mr. Babson, himself a very strong advocate of Christian living, and a great believer in Immortality. In this concluding story we have the views of a business man. It is brief and to the point.

Pertaining to this question of Enduring Personality or Consciousness, Mr. Coleman begins by saying, "By nature, I am always questioning things. Everything without exception must undergo a critical examination. I was brought up in the Christian faith, but early in life I rebelled, and it was years before I regained my faith.

But I never came back to the place where I started.”

“This is what occurred. One night about seventeen years ago, Dr. Lyman Abbott addressed a great audience in Ford Hall on the subject Immortality. The audience was composed largely of unbelievers—that it, unbelievers toward certain beliefs in which they were reared. There were in that crowd those that were in violent opposition to everything authoritative in religion, and those that had discarded everything supernatural. There were some who were eager for actual proof of life after death. Some were perfectly willing to pass into everlasting oblivion. Others were perfectly willing to flow back into the universal ocean of God and so become lost in its vastness, so far as personal consciousness was concerned.”

Mr. Coleman then says, “That address made an indelible impression upon me. And, after a rich, full life of three-score years, and with a certainty of a short run to the end, how does it all look to me now? After this fairly long life of intense activity and wide contacts, facing death, and seeing death repeatedly, with a heart full of longings unsatisfied, and a head full of questionings unanswered, I find complete satisfaction in the declaration, ‘Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?’ So far as I am concerned, here is the sum and substance of the whole thing.”

Then he adds, “But why discuss God when your theme is Immortality? Because the latter is but the



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corollary of the former. If there is no God there is no Immortality. But taking God for granted we must necessarily conclude that a moral God must have a perfect law of compensation. To believe in God is a pure act of faith. It can be reasoned out but it cannot be proved or disproved by logic. Men call themselves atheists because they are disbelievers in some false conception of God. But life cannot rest on a negation. We are in a dynamic, not a static universe. Life, not death, is in the saddle. Personality, the most precious thing we know, must share with all the rest. Matter itself is only a form of electrical energy. Personal Immortality is as sure as God himself." Mr. Coleman concludes with these words, "Somehow or other, I have been led to trust in God supremely, and that is why I am sure that what we call death is but a gateway to a new and larger life."

Here we started, and here we close. Mr. Coleman has touched the keynote, *Faith in God* . . . The sage of old said, "Mine eyes shall behold, and not as a stranger." How can I believe in God? It is only as here and now I hold daily fellowship with Him, whom to know is Life Eternal. Life and companionship with the Universal Spirit, walking and talking with Him each day is the one sure means of final proof of the reality of God to our hearts. As we believe that in Him we live and move and have our being, so we believe that in us He lives and moves and has His being. No one can prove it in a laboratory. No philosopher can prove it by logic. No

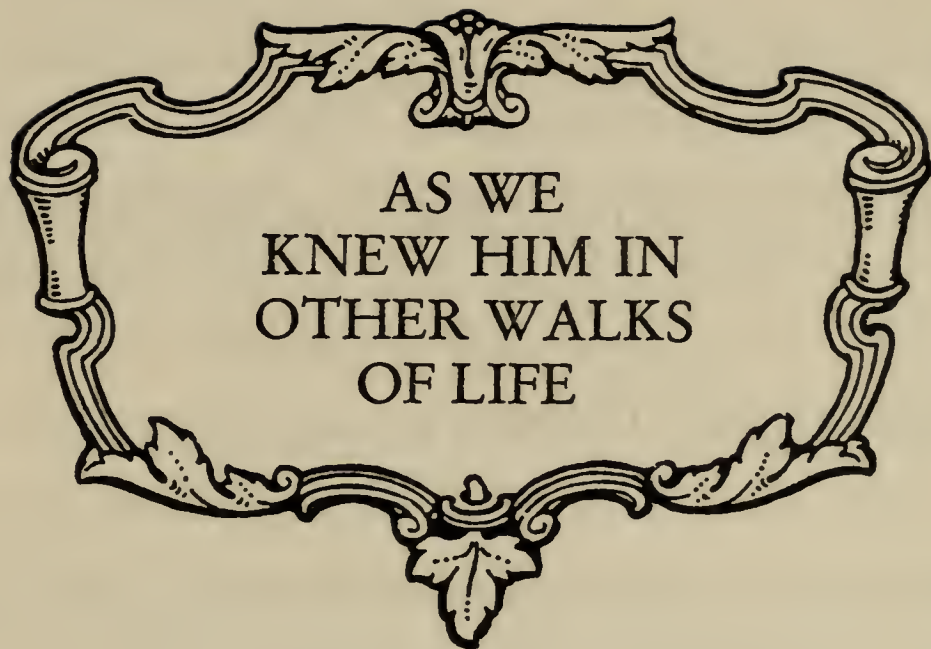
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theologian can convince one by his glowing platitudes. They may help, but cannot prove anything. The final means of knowing God is fellowship with Him. Then at last comes the supreme *consciousness* that as Christ lives, I too shall live. Here is the supreme proof of *Enduring Personality*.

A certain father sat by the bedside where his only son was preparing for the great adventure. And the boy who had suffered long looked into his father's eyes and said, "I'm not afraid to die; I know there is life and health just beyond." And the father who had long doubted said, "Son, how do you know?" And the boy answered, "Because I have lived with God through many days; He is with me now. He is my life. I live in Him. God is eternal, and being in Him I too shall ever live."

This is our answer to the questions that have been often asked. There is *Enduring Personality*.





AS WE  
KNEW HIM IN  
OTHER WALKS  
OF LIFE

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ARTHUR J. FOLSOM—*The Mason*

*D. Burns Douglass*

As deep answers unto deep, so the religious nature of an illustrious brother, Arthur J. Folsom, responded to the deep religious harmony of Masonry. He was more than a member of the Fraternity; he was Masonic. In his life and utterances he gave us a living example of the glory of Masonry: "Unity in Essentials, Liberty in Details, Charity in all Things."

ARTHUR J. FOLSOM—*In Community Service*

*L. A. Schwan, General Secretary Y. M. C. A.*

It was my pleasure and privilege to work intimately with Arthur Folsom for fifteen years. I observed his activity and leadership not only in the realm of the church but in patriotic, civic, fraternal, and sometimes even in the political field. His energies were always directed in the interest of the community at large. Always conscious of the needs of his own congregation which he never neglected, he still found time for the many and diversified calls made upon him.

To enumerate the service rendered by Arthur Folsom would take volumes. The Fort Wayne Young Men's Christian Association Board of Directors, in memoriam, recognized in him "Christian love, tolerance, consideration for others," and the loss to the Association is only



reconcilable in the heritage which is ours. Many men and women, boys and girls call him blessed for he was and still is an inspiration to many to higher endeavors and true Christian living.

The influence of such a leader will go on forever!

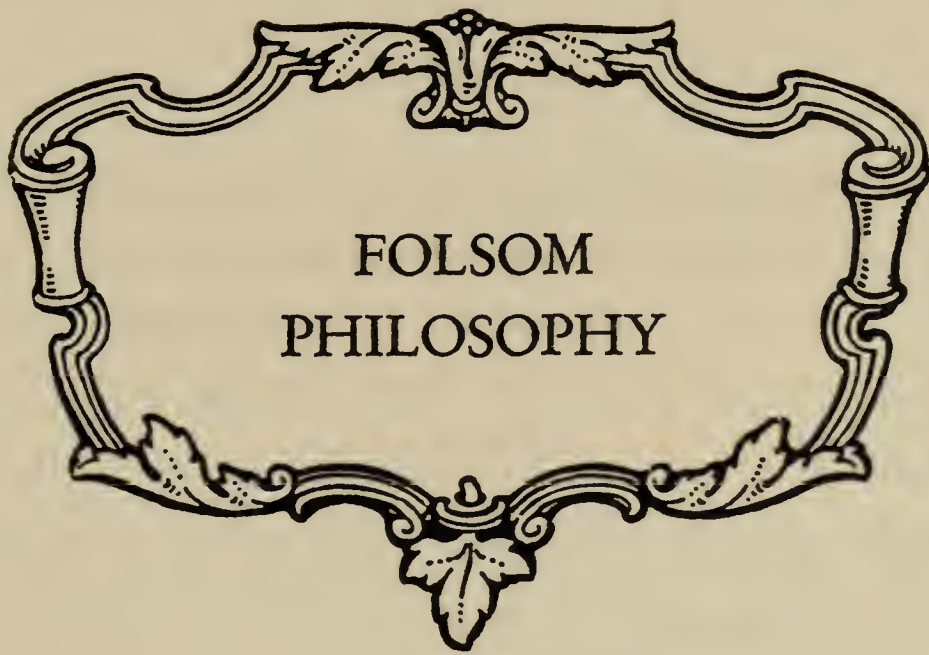
DR. ARTHUR J. FOLSOM—*The Rotarian*  
*A. G. Burry*

As a charter member of the Fort Wayne Rotary Club, it was my privilege to know the men who accepted membership in the organization over a period of twenty years and some of them quite intimately. It was my pleasure to so know Dr. Folsom and I found him one of those spirits who made an impact of constructive worth upon those he met; a true Rotarian, ever ready to serve any individual or group in any way he could; one who both preached and lived the organization's slogan, "He Profits Most Who Serves Best." His profit came to him in an ever increasing ability to serve and in an ever widening field of usefulness. In his philosophy "Service Above Self," he found the true measure of life to which he often referred as the "full orb'd life." True to high Rotary ideals, he believed that if life is to move in the right direction, we must provide correct influences under which our youth is to grow to maturity.

In his passing, Fort Wayne Rotary lost an highly esteemed member, a loyal friend, a useful citizen.

**Let us do good unto all men  
for we pass this way but  
once, and we cannot retrace  
our steps, nor call back the  
days that are gone.**





FOLSOM  
PHILOSOPHY





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“Our religion must be a usable, working force in life if it is to be of real value to us. It must be an uplifting, energizing, quickening, inspiring force in daily life if it is worth having at all.”

*On Religion*

“It is more and more evident that the modern world asks for men and women who know how to meet and greet their fellowmen.”

*On Fellowship*

“In the long run of life, the only lasting pull one has is the magnetic power of a great personality. And such personality that stands the test of time is based upon character. And strong character is the product of right thinking, right living and loving.”

*On Personality*

“We don’t want to go back to the old days, and think the old things, and follow the old methods. We want to hold to our new world, and move on with it to still newer things. But may God help us not to get top-heavy because we think we know much. After all, we have only touched the fringes of knowledge.”

*On Progressive Thought*

“The Constitution has no means of perpetual and enduring support, except the spirit which abides in the

*On the Constitution*

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hearts of the people. It can never be maintained by mere external authority. This form of government must utterly fail if it depends upon external authority for its support.

“Plain, broad-minded, tolerant, sincere, and honest spiritual living, in faithfulness and obedience to God and His righteousness, is the rock upon which our Constitution stands.”

On the  
Significance  
of Easter

“Easter is perhaps the greatest of the world’s celebrations,—‘the festival of flowers and of the immortal hope.’ On Easter Day we honor, above all others, earth’s greatest soul—*Jesus Christ*; earth’s greatest and most ennobling philosophy—*Religion*; and man’s most uplifting hope,—the *Hope of Immortality*.”

On  
Immortality

“As one moves on toward the sunset of life on the western side of the hill, does he not have a deep conviction that asks for a longer sojourn? Who is there that has mastered all the forces of sea and earth and sky, and can say that he has done all and is willing to lie down in eternal annihilation?

“But why ask about the future? There is no sage but feels that he is other than a child wandering on the shores of an infinite sea, stopping to pick up a few pebbles through these fleeting years.

“The illuminating thought is that the Divine Being who can lead lilies and roses out of snow, can lead the



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human soul out of pain, sorrow, and death into everlasting life.

“No greater hope and no grander assurance fills the mind. It is the call of the celestial, the whisper of God, the song of the angels that stir within the soul of man an undying confidence that though one dies, yet shall he continue to live.”

♦ ♦ ♦

“The statesman attains to power, and loses it. The power of the financier is unstable. The triumphant warrior is heralded by the masses, but tomorrow he is in chains and rides a victim in the chariot of his master.

*On the  
Permanence  
of Spiritual  
Life*

“In all earthly and material things there may be ceaseless uncertainty. But there is no reason why there should not be a continual ascendancy in our spiritual life.”

♦ ♦ ♦

“Perhaps the greatest force to break down vital religion is the idea that God is far away. And the greatest force to build a vital spiritual life is to become conscious that God lives in our own lives and seeks to come forth as a fountain bursts out with its pure water. Jesus did great things, for God was with Him.”

*On the  
Nearness  
of God*

♦ ♦ ♦

“It is possible for one to have a superiority complex without being conceited and bigoted. He may retain a most delightful simplicity and sweet humility, and yet know in his own heart that he is superior in his character and conduct. It is not a matter of being superior to

*On  
Conceit*

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others—it is superiority in his own personal consciousness.

“But when this spirit assumes the attitude of ‘better than thou’ there is danger of bigotry and thereby of weakness and inferiority.”

On Under-  
standing  
Fellowmen

“If we were more eager to delve into the unseen of others’ lives and purposes, before passing judgment, many a sad moment could be avoided. Because our real lives are hidden, and because the exterior means of communication are too imperfect we are not infrequently misunderstood and misjudged.

“Would it not be a good axiom to seek to understand thoroughly and fully our fellowmen, those with whom we work and live, that we might know their deeper realities and thus be enabled to enjoy them far more?”

On  
Mother's  
Day

“No day is more tender, uplifting, and truly patriotic than Mother’s Day. It is wholesome, purifying, and inspiring. ‘Like the divining rod of old usage, it reveals underneath the crust of commercialism, a perennial spring of idealism.’

“ ‘Honor your father and your mother.’ If, in these days, we hold to the fundamental truths of life, we have hope. Nothing is more fundamental than the influence of life upon life. And no life is so divinely influential as a mother’s life. *Let her so live that her children shall never suffer reproach.*”



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“Physical man is the universe in miniature. The brooks, streams, and rivers that mark our physical environment, are strikingly like the streams and rivers of blood that flow through our body. The mountain ranges so resemble the human frame-work that we frequently refer to them as “rock-ribbed.” There are ridges of rock in the earth, and ridges of bone in the body. The burning sun is matched by a warm beating heart. The nerve centers in man’s physical frame register currents of nervous vitality, as real as the electric currents of earth and sky. The universe focalizes in man.”

*On  
Physical  
Man*

♦ ♦ ♦

“The riches of life most to be desired are a good name, the confidence of our fellowmen, sound judgment, sincerity of purpose, a pure heart, high thinking, unselfish ministry and a tolerant spirit.”

*On the  
Worthwhile  
Things in  
Life*

♦ ♦ ♦

“Living in fellowship with infinite intelligence and love is the highest expression of wisdom—it is the one and only rational human life.”

*On  
Wisdom*

♦ ♦ ♦

“At our work at the forge, the work bench, the desk, we learn the strong qualities of life and convert every care into grace, every struggle into strength, every tedious task into patience, every crowded day into kindness, every sorrow into sympathy and every adversity into confidence.”

*On  
Work*

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*On  
Titles*

"It is a great thing to be called a good citizen, an honest merchant, a noble patriot, a philanthropist, a scholar; but the grandest title ever given mortal man is the title Christian."



*On  
Spiritual  
Food*

"We are not so foolish as to try to run a bank or a business without money, an automobile without gas, a mill without power, or even to do hard work without food.

"Nor can we live the fullness of human life without power. This body of ours must have good food, pure air and light, and an abundance of pure water.

"This soul of ours that expresses itself in personality, and character, and magnetic influences, must have daily food, . . . God."



*On  
Industry*

"Loafers are their own destroyers. Ardent, devout toilers are their own creators."



*On  
Helpfulness*

"Fancied superiority to sympathy, and neighborly helpfulness is self-deception. In no possible way do we live apart from the works and efforts of our fellowmen. We are very dependent upon others in all things.

"This complex age of industry exhibits this truth most especially. How little each individual person does for himself. We are still working for each other. We are all helpers.

"So in our personal problems, sorrows, troubles, we



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lean heavily upon the arm of a neighbor. It is so often said, 'I don't know what I would do without you.' 'I never knew I had so many friends.'

" 'Bear your own burden?' Yes, but help carry the heavy loads of others, and you will be stronger to carry your own."



"Faith is to give stability to human character, Hope to give brightness and vision, Love to give sympathy and help. These three essential qualities become woven into the warp and woof of our natures. Man is made for crowning and these are the three angels of God that place the laurel wreath upon his brow."

*On  
Faith,  
Hope and  
Love*



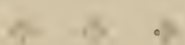
"It is a good thing for us to have adversities. They test our strength, and prove our metal, and reveal to us whether we are weak or strong."

*On  
Adversity*



"The tremendous task of taming mankind is upon us. It cannot be done by governmental legislation. No government can legislate a people into purity, righteousness, sobriety, and integrity."

*On  
Moral  
Legislation*



"No person can afford to do wrong, and violate the rules of his nature regardless of what his theological beliefs may be. He is in the business of self-elimination or self-preservation."

*On  
Sin*

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*On  
The Fruits  
of Life*

“We are mighty eager to have wisdom, health, friendships, happiness,—the Fruits; the Harvest. But are we willing to put into effect the causes of a harvest? Talk about seeking God with all thy mind, heart, and strength; many of us do not hold any fellowship with God, and yet we are asking for the harvest, the fruits of the spiritual life.”



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## EDITORIAL

Fort Wayne News-Sentinel, June 30, 1933

### THE REV. DR. ARTHUR J. FOLSOM

A spiritual force in the truest and best sense of that term, a civic leader whom it was as pleasant as it was natural to follow, a counsellor and comforter to thousands in sorrow and perplexity, a genial and sunny comrade and companion to other thousands in fair weather, a man of God with a great, warm human love for all humanity, the Rev. Dr. Arthur J. Folsom, pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church of Fort Wayne since the summer of 1910, had come to occupy such an important place in the social structure of this community that his sudden removal has brought an overpowering and irreparable loss.

During the nearly a quarter of a century of his service to this community, Dr. Folsom served without stint or limit, day and night, in an almost miraculous variety of civic fields.

No minister anywhere was ever more widely known or universally loved by the community he served, no clergyman ever better exemplified the happy ability "to walk with kings, nor lose the common touch." Relatively few have been in such wide demand, in their own and other communities, as a speaker on such a wide variety of occasions. None ever better deserved the love

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and respect and gratitude of his fellows of the cloth and of the laity as well.

Enjoying a most enviable reputation as a thinker, a true religious leader, a preacher consecrated to the furtherance of human rights and opportunities, he had represented the State of Indiana in the National Council of his denomination, had served as Moderator of the Fort Wayne district and of the State.

His enthusiastic labors were by no means confined to ecclesiastical tasks. He was as zealous in the market place as in the tabernacle.

He was instrumental in organizing the Fort Wayne Chapter of the American Red Cross. He was a leader in Chamber of Commerce and Y. M. C. A. affairs. He had been a president of the Rotary Club. He had given yeoman service to the Methodist Hospital, the Pixley Relief Home, and the Anti-Tuberculosis League. In countless other civic causes, he had served, in war and peace, as an exemplar of community service at its finest.

But best of all, he was a gentle and a faithful friend of man.



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## EDITORIAL

Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette, June 30, 1933

### REV. ARTHUR J. FOLSOM

The death of the Rev. Arthur J. Folsom came with tragic suddenness and stunning shock to the people of Fort Wayne.

Not recently, and seldom at all, has the passing of any man from the life of this city so widely afflicted the people with a sense of personal bereavement or impressed the entire community with a deeper import of loss.

As pastor of the Plymouth Congregational Church, Dr. Folsom had been in Fort Wayne for nearly a quarter of a century. In that period he had become something more than the devoted shepherd of a flock. His place in the clerical circles of Fort Wayne had been high and the love and reverence of his congregation for him were neither doubted nor to be questioned.

But Dr. Folsom had an eminent place in more than the spiritual life of Fort Wayne. He had made himself a dynamic force in the city's civic affairs. His interest in Fort Wayne's secular culture and material advancement was energetic, resourceful and genuine. The appeal to his aid in every sort of effort for the general good was constant and unfailingly it enlisted his interest and commanded his best effort.

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The Red Cross, the Chamber of Commerce, the Anti-Tuberculosis league, the parent-teacher clubs, the luncheon clubs, societies and movements for the young people—all enterprise and association for the better moral and social estate of the community—gained his sympathy and were indebted to him for his help. The calls upon Dr. Folsom's time were unceasing. The draft upon his energies ran the whole gamut of civic aspiration and undertaking. He never repulsed nor denied, never complained of the tasks laid upon him, never quarreled with his burden, never shirked the labors he so readily assumed.

Dr. Folsom was singularly interested in public education. He was held in an exalted regard by a whole generation of young people in the high schools. During the years of his residence here, there have been few in which he was not chosen for delivery of the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of one or the other of the high schools. His fellowship with the young folks in the schools was natural and it had all the quality of a mutual inspiration. It did both him and them a degree of good not easily exaggerated.

And now is gone this man who was so genial, kindly and helpful, who was so unaffected and genuine, who gave so much friendship and had so many friends. He leaves behind him no one work to take monumental import from his career and its fruits. A whole city benefited and bettered, an entire community helped and



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inspired by his spirit and example, the general esteem and the sincere affection of literally thousands of those who knew him or felt his kindling spirit, will stand as his monument.

Dr. Folsom took the pastorate of his church when it was but a few hundreds and he lays it down with the congregation numbering more than two thousand. He replaced a small old church with a splendid temple that is one of the finest in the state. That seems commentary enough upon his life and work as a minister of God. That great congregation shares with the sorrowing family of its beloved pastor the sympathy extended by the people of Fort Wayne.

Time will heal the wound of grief inflicted by this untimely and tragic death. Time will be longer, perhaps, in repairing the loss the community has suffered.

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## DEATH OF DR. A. J. FOLSOM MOURNED BY CIVIC LEADERS

Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette, June 30, 1933

The death of Dr. Arthur J. Folsom, for twenty-three years pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church here, was widely mourned here today. The minister was one of the outstanding civic and religious leaders of the City, and his passing is a distinct loss to Fort Wayne, church, business, school and civic leaders asserted.

The Rev. A. P. Wilson, pastor of the First Christian Church and president of the Ministerial Association, said:

"I wish to express my personal sense of loss in the sudden passing of Arthur Folsom. We were great friends. His genial personality, his uncanny understanding of men, his association in all civic enterprises that stood for uprightness, his keen appreciation of the work of others and his unfailing readiness to express his appreciation marked him out as an unusual man. His splendid work in building up the Plymouth Congregational Church to its present influential standing in the City is a monument to skill and labor that speaks more loudly than words as to the power of the man. His place will be hard to fill either in the pulpit or in the City generally."

"The sincere and well-lived life of Dr. Arthur J. Folsom was truly a benediction in our City," asserted



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Merle J. Abbett, Superintendent of the Fort Wayne Public Schools. "All those connected with our schools mark the passing of a very dear friend and counsellor. We revere his memory and his service and we extend the deepest sympathy to his loved ones. We shall, personally, miss him greatly."

#### SAYS PLACE WILL GO UNFILLED

"The City of Fort Wayne has lost one of its outstanding civic and religious leaders," declared Postmaster Ernest J. Gallmeyer today. "His unselfishness, his whole-hearted interest in everything which augured of public good, made his influence felt in practically every council. The Rev. Mr. Folsom's place will go unfilled for a long time. I have lost a great and good friend."

"There is a cardinal virtue, essential to Christian discipleship, the crowning grace of a servant of Jesus," asserted the Rev. Paul H. Krauss, D.D., pastor of Trinity English Lutheran Church. "It is the virtue of a kind and brotherly spirit. Dr. Folsom possessed such a spirit to a marked degree. His going constitutes a great loss to our City."

"I feel that I have lost one of my dearest friends and spiritual advisers," Louis A. Schwan, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., declared. "I have always considered Dr. Folsom an inspiration in both civic and religious endeavor."

"My personal contact and acquaintance with Dr.

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Folsom dated from war time days at about the time the selective service act became effective here," Mayor William J. Hosey said.

"Our contacts were first made at various programs in which we both participated as speakers. I found that he was always agreeable and pleasant. The selective service or draft board handled about 8,000 cases and Dr. Folsom seemed personally interested in every case. He aided the work in every way possible. We have had a very pleasant relationship ever since that time. It is too bad that he is gone. It is a sad loss to the community."

"Fort Wayne has lost one of its sincerest civic leaders in the passing of the Rev. Arthur Folsom," declared Henry J. Herbst, president of the Fort Wayne Chamber of Commerce. "I knew him as a personal friend and will miss him greatly. In Chamber of Commerce and all other civic activities, he was always willing to give his time and his effort in the promotion of anything for the general welfare. His death is a loss to the City that will be keenly felt."

"The Chamber of Commerce has suffered the loss of one of its most active members. None who knew the Rev. Mr. Folsom need to be told of his readiness at all times to furnish leadership in community matters," said Edward A. Jordan, acting manager of the Chamber of Commerce.



### Y. M. C. A. PAYS TRIBUTE

A resolution adopted today by the board of directors and board of trustees of the Fort Wayne Young Men's Christian Association in tribute to Dr. Folsom follows:

"In the death of Arthur Folsom the City of Fort Wayne has lost a man of God, an attainment in Christian love, tolerance and consideration attained by a very few men.

"The Young Men's Christian Association of Fort Wayne has always recognized these virtues in Dr. Folsom, and the loss to the Association is only reconcilable in the heritage which is ours. Many men and women and boys and girls call him blessed, and he has been an inspiration to many of higher endeavors and true Christian living.

"We, the directors and trustees of the Fort Wayne Young Men's Christian Association, sympathize with the loved ones who are left behind, with his congregation which has lost a patient, tireless worker for God and his own church. It is our hope that the inspiration of his life may become a living force and raise up leaders as he was in many who were influenced by our dear friend."

Samuel M. Foster, chairman of the board of Lincoln National Bank & Trust Company, said:

"I would say that Mr. Folsom was pre-eminently a citizen-clergyman. Not only was he a beloved pastor but he also was a most valuable and useful citizen. The loss of his influence in this community will be for a long time most keenly felt."















